

istic. He struck terror here one day, fifty miles away the next, and so on, till the people said "he traveled like a whirlwind." That is how he got the name he bore until his death, although it was not his right name.

Whirlwind was not a blood-thirsty man. Colonel William Matthewson, of Wichita, knew him for over forty years. He says that he was as true as steel to a friend, white or red. When Mr. Matthewson wanted once to trade with the Comanches, who were then a very savage as well as a very treacherous tribe, Whirlwind called thirty braves to his side and volunteered to accompany the noted plainsman. When they went into the Comanche camp the warriors and people of that nation proposed to take Mr. Matthewson's goods by force. Whirlwind stepped in front of the Comanche chief and, pointing one finger at Mr. Matthewson and the other one at the nose of the chief, said: "That white man is the friend and brother of the Cheyenne, and you cannot lay a finger on his property without walking over the dead bodies of myself and my brave warriors. You can kill us, but we have many more warriors left who will wipe your tribe off the face of the earth. Commence your robbing work if you dare and for every Cheyenne killed we will send ten of your people to the happy hunting grounds." The result was that the Comanche chief bought the goods from Mr. Matthewson and offered him ponies to relieve his animals with.

The Cheyennes never spilled a drop of blood so long as they could help it until after Colonel Chivington massacred the Indians at Sandcreed. Then they became desperate, and under Whirlwind's leadership did great damage to the forces of the government. Whirlwind would select a band of young braves, dash into the opposition, cut them in two, and thus separated, do immense damage. When Black Kettle

was killed Whirlwind was not present, but the moment he heard of his uncle's death he organized his band and whipped Custer's forces every inch of the prairie until they retired into Camp Supply. He made it so hot for Custer that the government troops that were killed laid scattered on the prairie for three weeks in some instances. This fact is not in General Custer's book.

Personally Whirlwind was very clever and genial, and had hosts of friends among the white people in Oklahoma. He always wore on his breast a silver medal presented to him at Washington by General Grant, of which he was very proud. He was a man of considerable pride, and always wore the golden eagle straps of a colonel on his shoulders. It is not known who his successor will be, but the indications are that he will be an educated Indian from what is known as the "young crowd," who are now practically running the affairs of the Cheyennes.

#### THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

The question, more important than the political question, is: Where shall I send my child to school?

To this there is only one answer: To the Catholic school. A father and mother will teach their child his prayers, as a matter of course. It is not enough that he learns to recite the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Creed, the Confiteor; he ought to know a great deal more than that to fulfill the end for which he was created. How many fathers and mothers have the time to teach him more—to explain the Catechism, to instruct him in his duties towards God and man?

He must learn them, if his parents have not determined to let him drift away from the Church. Where is he to learn them, if not in school? In Sunday school?—where at most, forty-four hours out of the whole year are devoted to religious teaching. The